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THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing unaccompanied earth's child,
But Thou in Thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is power—
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our earthly life, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above!

—Will Carleton.

THE OUTLOOK.

Tidings came last week that Great Britain had formally annexed the Cook, or Hervey, group of islands in the South Pacific, with the glad consent of the natives. These beautiful islands of the sea are situated between the Friendly and Society Islands, and, thanks to early and persistent missionary efforts, have been quite thoroughly Christianized. It was on Rarotonga, belonging to this group, that the heroic and devoted Williams began his successful labors over sixty years ago. The fruits abide. The people are contented and industrious. They have adopted the European dress, live in well-furnished stone houses, many of them, and have attained to a high standard of civilization. Several times during the last twenty-five years they have expressed a desire for a British protectorate. This they will now enjoy.

upon these questions by the course of debate upon the measure proposed. Mr. Gladstone's chief objection, it appears, was not against the bill itself, but against its inopportune. There was no immediate need of an additional appropriation for land purchase when the former appropriation was only about three-fifths exhausted. On the other hand, there was need, urgent need, that the arrears of rent should be provided for in some way, and he proposed an amendment in order to meet that more serious and pressing burden.

Mr. Parnell's subsequent speech on the same bill brought out more clearly and forcibly the objections of the Nationalists to the measure. The bill, he contended, was framed, primarily, in the interests of the landlords. They were allowed to decide what tenancies should be disposed of, and what should be withheld. They could take advantage of the provisions of this bill to enrich themselves. Thus the Duke of Abercorn alone could pocket \$1,250,000 upon the sale of his Irish estates, whereas "congested and rack-rented estates," where relief was especially desired, could be retained by the landlords. The bill made no provision whereby the Land Commission could purchase these congested estates. It made no provision, either, against repudiation. It, further, left untouched the arrears of rent, the tenants' greatest difficulty. Last of all, "the measure showed an entire absence of consideration for the national sentiment." If the government really contemplated a large scheme of land purchase and the conversion of the Irish tenants into "a peasant proprietary," it was essential to establish in Ireland "representative authority to act as a buffer between the tenants and the State." Mr. Parnell's own bill for accomplishing land purchase would not take a cent from the exchequer. It simply asked that church tenants be allowed to acquire land by paying the Church Commission annually for forty-nine years a rent equal to 4 per cent. on the capitalized value of the holdings. This scheme would not only spare the treasury, it would also do away with the mischievous principle of making the taxpayer at large pay for the enrichment of the individual tenant.

Our blasted hopes, our dwarfed, imperfect dreams,
Our finished work, unfinished though it seems,
The petty cares that make our soul-sight dim,
He asks them all, we bring them all to Him,
And give Him thanks! He bids us praise Him still,
Through all the blending maze of good and ill.

—Elaine Goodale.

MOSES AND HIS IDEA OF GOD.

We are indebted to Prof. H. G. Mitchell, of the School of Theology, Boston University, for a translated paragraph from the latest "History of the Hebrews," that of Kittel, on the above subject:—

"The historian stands here before a mystery that is almost unique in history. It can only be solved by introducing a factor the warrant for which can no longer be historically established. There are points in the life of mankind where history passes into the philosophy of history, and speculation, throwing backward its searching beams, must light the otherwise dark passages of the historical process. Here is such a point. Only the immediate contact of God Himself with man can beget genuine knowledge of God, or really bring man a step nearer to it. For in himself man finds only the world and his own ego. Neither the one nor the other can give more than a heathenism; the former a lower, the latter a higher form of it. If there be a God, the God of the Hebrews, the Creator of the moral law, the exalted being, the phenomena, who does not degrade but exalts man, he must have given this truth not from his time nor from himself—he got it through immediate revelation of his God in his soul."

JOHN WESLEY.

BY REV. N. T. WHITAKER, D. D.

THE life of Wesley is inspiring. It has encouraged and guided hundreds of thousands of lives, and is an ever-increasing power for good. It reveals the elements of success in every true life. Acquaintance with it is essential to a thorough knowledge of the religious and scholastic life of this nineteenth century. He lived in an age of almost universal skepticism and infidelity, exemplified the marvelous possibilities of human character and effort, made possible the activities and the triumphs of the Christian Church of today, called into being many of its most important philanthropic and educational enterprises, and has left a name dear to all Christians.

He was born in Epworth, England, June 17, 1703. His parents, Samuel and Susannah Wesley, were distinguished for their strong religious impulses and firmness of will. Samuel Wesley was the village rector, a man of great learning and immense energy, with a zeal for foreign missionary work at least fifty years in advance of his age. Susannah Wesley was distinguished for her intellectual attainments, executive ability and deep piety. She cared well for her household, attended to the secular and religious training of her children, was gifted as a writer, and became a popular sermon-reader.

At the age of thirteen, John became a beneficiary student at the Charter House School in London. From thence he entered Oxford University, giving himself to intense study, and became so distinguished for his accuracy in the classics and mathematics, and for his skill in logic, that he was called "a lord in the realm of mind," and was chosen "lecturer in Greek" when twenty-three years old. During the same year he was elected "Fellow of Lincoln College," &c., one of its legal managers, with a yearly salary of \$1,500.

Throughout his life at the Charter House School and in the Oxford University, as well as during his early ministry in the formative years of Methodism, his mother was his wise

counselor and guide. By her advice he entered the sacred calling, although unsettled in Christian experience, and was ordained deacon in 1725 and priest in 1728 by Dr. Porter, Bishop of Oxford.

In November, 1729, he formed, with his brother Charles, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Kirkham, a band for the systematic exercises of prayer, study and discussion. Later George Whitefield became a member of this band, which was ridiculed by their classmates as the "Holy Club—the Methodists."

The Oxford League, one of the most important organizations among the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day, takes its name from this band.

In 1735 Wesley left England as a missionary to the Indians in Georgia, and after a year of intense labors amid bitter persecution and slander, returned to England. The mission was a failure to the Indians, but a blessing to the world. It gave to Wesley "an entirely new idea of religion." He had been an intense ritualist, trusting in good deeds and religious services for salvation. He was now conscious of spiritual needs. With self-loathing he wrote: "I went to America to convert the Indians, but, oh, who shall convert me?" He became an earnest seeker for the life that is the light of man.

Four months later, on May 27, 1738, while listening to Luther's description of the change which the Spirit works in the heart through faith in Christ, his soul was regenerated by the power of God. He wrote respecting it: "I felt that I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine."

It was a wonderful change. A divine power henceforth breathed through his words and actions, spoke in his life, compelling men to acknowledge that God was with him. It made him a cosmopolitan. He had no abiding-place. The world was his parish. God had called him to a special work—the founding of Methodism. He was obedient to the voice of God. For fifty-two years he went everywhere throughout Great Britain, declaring a knowable religion, preaching on the average three sermons a day. He traveled in carriage or on horseback five thousand miles every year, conducted an immense correspondence, wrote or abridged and published two hundred and twenty-one books, edited a magazine, managed a Tract Society and a "Book Concern" (writing many of the tracts), begged money from house to house for schools, missions, and various benevolences, attended tens of thousands of social religious services, and made innumerable calls for religious purposes, besides having the "care of all the churches."

He endured with heroic courage the most relentless ostracism and bitter persecution from English clergy and gentry, and braved the violence of enraged and drunken mobs, until he conquered all by his goodness and piety and died in glorious Christian triumph at the age of eighty-seven, the most wonderful man of his age, honored and revered in both continents, the founder, under God, of the largest corps of the church militant, the inspirer of all, and the organizer of some of the grandest and most effective benevolent and educational agencies of the Christian era.

At the time of his death Methodism had 140,000 members and 650 traveling preachers. To-day it has 111,000 preachers (local and itinerant) and 5,500,000 members. It has also 2,006,328 scholars and 268,391 officers and teachers in its Sunday-schools, an increase during the year (1886) of 119,502. The number of conversions in its Sunday-schools during 1886 was reported as 116,278. It has also three hundred institutions of learning.

In estimating the causes of the phenomenal success of John Wesley in his life work, three things are prominent—great natural endowments, thorough culture, and unsullied piety. He was gifted, talented, ardent in temperament, adamant in will, fortunate in his circumstances, cheerful in disposition, with great executive abilities, wise foresight, shrewd common-sense, a wonderfully retentive memory, and an almost intuitive power to read men and things. Had he given himself to politics, his name would to-day be honored as the great statesman of England.

Culture, the fruitage of severe mental application, commenced in youth and continued until life ended, multiplied the efficiency of his natural endowments, opened doors of usefulness which would have been barred against him, and enabled him to make, as well as to improve, opportunities which otherwise would have been beyond his reach. The highest dignitaries learned to respect his opinions. Society called him "one of the greatest and purest of men," and Buckle, "the first of the theological statesmen."

But to grace more than to natural gifts and scholastic training is due his success. The profound conviction that he was doing a work for which God had given him his being, and that God was with him to crown his labors with success, strengthened his faith, fired his heart, called into exercise every power, and filled his life with abiding peace.

This conviction was not groundless. When but six years old the Epworth parsonage was destroyed by fire. At dead of night the little boy was awakened by the crackling timbers. The rest of the family had escaped. As he ran to the windows the walls were bowing. He was saved as the roof fell in. Wesley felt that God had permitted him for a special purpose to be "plucked like a brand from the burning." Who can say that it was not so?

Later, the vessel on which he crossed the Atlantic as missionary to the Indians nearly foundered in the high seas—another providential deliverance; while more than once in the earlier days of his ministry men sworn to kill him were convicted under his preaching, and became his friends.

A still more remarkable proof of God's

presence and favor occurred at the commencement of the labors of Wesley and his co-laborers. It was similar in character and results to the baptism of the early Christians on the morn of Pentecost. The Wesleys, with George Whitefield and about sixty brethren, held a watch-meeting at the close of the year 1738. The service of prayer continued until about three o'clock on the following morning, when there came upon all a marvelous manifestation of Divine power, causing some to fall to the floor, while others shouted with joy.

These special providences in his life, the remarkable effects attending his preaching and that of his co-laborers, the providential circumstances which called into operation, one after another, the various agencies that eventually united to constitute organic Methodism and its peculiar church polity, together with his experimental knowledge of Christ by his appropriating faith, the assurance of his call to this special work, and his thorough preparation by nature and culture, crowned the life of Wesley with success.

Heart of mine, be glad and gay;
Why thy festival array;
Sing thy song for gathered fruit;
Why shouldst thou alone be mute,
When the winds from sea to sea
Ring in chorals of jubilee?
After waiting, after prayer,
After pain and toil and care,
After expectation long—
Lo! the bright fulfillments throng!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THINGS CURIOUS AND STRIKING.

Imprisoned at Chillon.

The old dungeon of Chillon, which Byron immortalized in his famous poem, has, to-day, a prisoner of a somewhat different stamp from him of whom the poet wrote, as will appear from the following, taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The prisoner of Chillon" at the present moment is Miss Charlotte Stirling, an English young lady of good family, who two years ago left a home of comfort and luxury to serve in the Salvation Army in Switzerland. She is now "doing her time"—100 days—in the famous old fortress on the shores of Lake Lemano, where Bonaparte was imprisoned, and which is familiar to every one from Byron's lines:—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar."

Miss Stirling had held some children's meetings at Orbe, and she was asked to visit the deathbed of a little twelve-year-old who had learned to sing "I love Jesus" at her meetings. For this offense, under an old law of 1841, one of those which like the act of *Heretic Combustion* which disgraced the English *Single Book* until recently, still disgrace the laws of some countries, she was sentenced to 100 days' imprisonment. She went to jail at the head of a triumphal procession, the processionists singing hymns as they marched up to the iron-barred gates of the prison.

A remarkable history.

Was there ever such a history as that of the cotton seed, of which we read so much in the daily newspapers? The *Banker's Monthly* sums up a story of development and usefulness, which has scarcely a parallel:—

For seventy years despised as a nuisance, and burned or dumped as garbage; then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hanging, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utilities; shortly afterward found to be nutritious food for beasts as well as for men, and thereupon treated with something like respect. Once admitted to the circle of farm industries, it was found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in its crude state \$14 to the ton, or \$40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed. But then a system was devised for refining the oil up to a value of \$1 a gallon, and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root of every olive-tree and then defied the Boreas breath of the Alps. And then experience showed that the ton of cotton seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its thirty-five gallons of oil than before; and that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil-mill engine; and that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's draft had the highest commercial value as potash; and that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap stock, to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Cologne.

A Windmill Generator.

An exchange informs us that the Lachine Rapids are to be utilized by engineers and capitalists for generating electricity, an island in the centre of the Rapids having been purchased for the purpose. A Scotch genius has resorted to a simpler method—called the winds to his aid:—

The power of a windmill has been successfully applied to the generation of electricity for domestic purposes by the Rev. of the Glasgow Philosophical Society. The windmill was of the old-fashioned kind, with four arms, each thirteen feet long. The dynamo was belted directly to the fly-wheel of the mill, and charged twelve cells of storage battery. The current was used both for light and for driving a turning-lathe. Ten eight-candle power incandescent lamps were supplied, with current to spare; and a good breeze for half a day stored electricity enough for the light required on four evenings of three or four hours each.

An Hour of Peril.

There are many bright bits of description in Thomas Stevens' entertaining book, "Round the World on a Bicycle." Here is one, on a night near an Indian jungle:—

About ten o'clock, out from the gloomy depths of the jungle near by is suddenly heard the unmistakable caw-cawing of a panther, followed by that cunning arch-dissembler's inimitable imitation of a child in distress. As though awed and paralyzed by this revelation of the panther's dread presence, the chirping and juggling and p-r-r-r-ring and yelping of inferior creatures cease as if by mutual impulse moved, and the pitter-patter are heard on the clay floor of my bungalow. The cry of the forest prowler is repeated, nearer than before to my quarters, and presently something hops up on the foot of the charpoy on which my recumbent form is stretched; and still continues the pattering of feet on the floor. It is pitchy dark within the bungalow, and uncertain of the nature of my strange visitor, I kick and "que-ack" at him and scare him off, but, evidently terrified by the appearance of the panther, the next minute he again invades my couch.

To have one's room turned *noles volens* into a place of refuge for timid animals, hiding from a prowling panther which is not unlikely to follow them

inside, is anything but a desirable experience in the dark. Should his panthership come nosing inside the bungalow, in his eagerness to secure something for supper, he might not pause to discriminate between brute and human; and as his swooning voice is heard again, apparently quite near by, I deem it expedient to warn him off. So, reaching my Smith & Wesson from under the pillow, I fire a shot up into the thatched roof. The little intruder, whatever they may be, scamper out of the bungalow, nor wait upon the order of their going, and a loud scream some distance away a moment later tells of the panther's rapid retreat into the depths of the jungle.

Soon a courageous bull-frog gives utterance to a subdued, hesitating croak; his excellent example is quickly followed by others; answering noises spring up in every direction, and ere long the midnight concert of the jungle is again in full melody.

The Flour Barrel.

Who has not speculated on how much bread a barrel of flour will make, or how many loaves are needed for the daily consumption of a great city? The *American Analyst* thus sums up a baker's profits, or what a barrel of flour is worth when made into bread:—

A baker will toss a barrel of flour into a trough. Then he tosses 104 pounds of water on top. A quantity of yeast is added, and the baker has 300 pounds of dough to operate on. The 300 pounds cost him \$5. In short order the dough is turned into "twists," high loaves, pan loaves and other styles of the same quality. The oven's heat reduces the 300 pounds of dough to 260 pounds of bread. The baker sells his bread at the rate of four cents a pound, or at an advance of over 30 per cent. over what it cost him. There are 1,400 bakers, great or small, in New York city, and to them is committed the trust of supplying bread for 1,300,000 persons. There are many bakers in that city who make 1,300 loaves of bread per day and sell it for from \$80 to \$100, or a net profit of \$40. Little money is lost in the business, and most bakers do a cash trade.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

—J. G. Whittier.

"THE DAWN OF WOMAN'S DAY."

From an address by Miss Frances E. Willard, published in full in the last number of *Our Day*, we extract a paragraph which our young people especially may wisely ponder:—

A great world is looming into sight, like some splendid ship long-awaited for—the world of hereditarily of prenatal influence, of infantile environment. The greatest right of which we can conceive, the right of the child to be nurtured, to be brought up, to be recognized. Poor old humanity, so tagged by fortune and weary with disaster, turns to the cradle at last and perceives it has been the Pandora's box of every ill and the Fortuna casket of every joy that life has known. When the mother learns the divine secret of her power, when she selects in the partner of her life the father of her child, and for its sacred sake rejects the man of unclean lips because of the alcohol and the tobacco taint, and shuns as she would a leper the man who has been false to any other woman no matter how depraved; when he who seeks life's highest sanctities in the relationships of husband and father shuns as he would if thoughtful of his future son the woman with waist wattle that renders motherhood a torture and dwarfs the possibilities of childhood, French heels that throw the vital organs out of their normal place, and sacred charms revealed by dresses so revealing, insisting on a wife who has good health and a strong physique as the only sure foundation of his home-hopes, then shall the blessed prophecy of the world's peace come true; the conquered lion of last shall lie down at the feet of the white lamb of purity, and a little child shall lead them.

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted harvests,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

Here on this blessed Thanksgiving night
We raise to Thee our grateful voice;
For what Thou dost, Lord, is right;
And thus believing, we rejoice!

—J. G. Holland.

OUR CHURCH ECONOMY.

BY JUDGE L. R. HITCHCOCK.

I.

A FEW years ago a class-leader in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in New England tried to explain to the members who were present the plan of organization and government of the church. The next morning one of the members, meeting a brother in the same church, said to him, "You ought to have been in our class-meeting last night. We studied the organization of the church, and I was surprised to find there is so much to it. I had no idea it was so big a church. One thing is sure, I don't intend to miss any class-meetings if I can help it."

The person who made this statement was a man of middle life, a member of the church in good and regular standing, and doubtless a fair sample of the majority of church members, who know very little about the denomination to which they belong beyond what is illustrated in the particular church of which they are members. They become converted and join the church in which their conversion occurs, or which they have been accustomed to attend; and having no special occasion to examine the mode of organization or methods of work, do not take the trouble to investigate for themselves, and it is probably a lamentable fact that little, if any, effort is made by the minister or class-leaders to instruct their members or probationers in these things. One result may naturally be expected in such a condition, namely, that in these days when the spirit of inquiry is abroad in the land, and young people especially are wont to inquire the why and the wherefore of that which they are asked to accept and adopt, the interest in these matters will be lessened; and it should not be a matter of surprise that there is a tendency to drift away, perhaps to other denominations, or, worse yet, to no denomination at all. If this be correct, then one remedy is immediately suggested—that an effort should

be made in our Sunday-schools, in our class-meetings, in our church papers, and in the more general work of the preacher, to instruct our people in these matters; and the object of this and succeeding papers shall be to explain as clearly as we can the important features of our economy, meaning thereby the rules and regulations by which the Methodist Episcopal Church is governed, in the hope that with a better knowledge thereof will come a greater love for the church, and an increased sense of the importance of faithfulness on the part of each member.

One thought must be strongly emphasized at the start—that of the unity of the church. The Methodist Episcopal Church is one church, and not a collection of individual churches. Its ministry is one body, for convenience of administration divided into Conferences. Its membership is one immense army, for like convenience divided into separate charges or stations, which are sometimes called churches.

The church, with its divisions into Conferences and charges, may be likened to a large army, with its division into regiments and companies, and with forts and military posts to be held and protected. A company with its organization according to a general law is stationed at a particular post, but is by no means an independent organization; it is a part of the regiment. This regiment has its organization according to the same general law, and is a part of the great army which is under the command of the general, who governs it, however, not arbitrarily, but according to the same general law. There is but one plan for the organization of the whole, which reaches from the general in command through all the subordinate officers down to the humblest private. Just so in our church. Each station or charge is a military post to be kept by the company which lives there, which is organized according to a general plan. This company is a part of the Conference within whose bounds it is located, and the Conference has its organization according to the same general plan. These Conferences are all under the supervision of the Bishops, and all are under the control of the General Conference, but the Bishops and the General Conference must administer their duties according to the same general plan. There is but one plan for the government of the whole, from the General Conference down to the humblest member.

Yet one more illustration may be made, of the varying degrees of authority in the government of the church. The foundation of the whole lies in the General Conference: let this be represented by the bottom stone of a miniature pyramid. Place upon that a smaller stone to represent the Annual Conference, and a smaller stone upon that to represent the district conference; the next stone would represent the quarterly conference, then the official board, the leaders and stewards, the meeting, the class, the individual. In considering the organization and government of the church, it becomes, then, very important to fix this idea of unity in the mind, to realize that the divisions into Conferences and districts and separate charges is for no other purpose except the convenience of administration. If this idea can be kept before the mind in the consideration of our subject, it will assist us very much in understanding some things connected with our economy which cannot otherwise be easily explained. The rules and regulations which govern the denomination are to be found in the Discipline, a new edition of which has recently been issued, and a copy of which should be owned and read by every member of the church. If we observe an ideal church member in his relations to the church, we shall notice that he becomes such in the regular form; that he lives according to the rules of his church; that in the course of time he comes to occupy the various offices in the church which are to be held by the laity; that he may have a desire to enter the ministry, in which case he joins a Conference in the regular manner, passes through the several orders and fills the different offices, possibly is honored with a seat in the General Conference, and perhaps may be made a bishop or general secretary. In the consideration of our subject perhaps we can do no better than to follow as nearly as we can the same order, and inquire,—

1. How to become a member, how a member shall live, and how membership may be terminated?
2. What are the offices of the laity, and their duties?
3. How to enter the ministry, its orders, offices, and duties.
4. What are the Conferences and the benevolent organizations?

For more than Nature's richest store;
For pilgrim souls who travel here;
For seeds of truth and freedom sown
In tears and trust—now fully grown
To glorious harvest, all our own;
For noble deeds to light our way,
And for the future's dazzling ray,
For triumphs past and joy to come,
We keep the dear Thanksgiving Day!

—Frances L. Mace.

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—Frances L. Mace.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1888.

GIVE THANKS.

Paul said, "In everything." We seldom do it in anything. The American is proverbially ungrateful. The conventional word may rise with some stereotyped regularity to the lips, but it does not break forth impulsively and heartily. There is reason for this unhappy peculiarity. Our blessings have come to us as an inheritance. We never knew what it was to live without them. We are like the boy born in the home of luxury and privilege who will never feel a grateful impulse for unusual benefits until they are snatched from him. It would be well, therefore, if the recurrence of this annual festival could teach us something of the lesson of gratitude.

1. This is the era in which the early history of our land should be read and told over again until our hearts shall thrill with thanksgiving to the fathers who made this nation a possibility and a reality. Pulpit and fireside and festival board should gratefully repeat the history.

2. We should thank God and take courage that the trend of moral and national life is unquestionably higher in its ideals and purer and more Christian in spirit. An unprejudiced study of our history best teaches optimism. We commend the volumes of McMaster to the gloomy and foreboding. The present of American history, in every department of life, is a marked improvement upon our past. The despondent American should be sent on a tour of inspection around the world, and then asked for his opinion of "his own, his native land."

3. We should especially give thanks that Christianity is becoming more Christlike. "It is enough for the disciple if he be as his Master." Very simple words, but very slowly apprehended. Not dogmatism, but life after the one incarnated Model, is rapidly, in this age, becoming the gage of all religious pretension. Character after the Christ idea, like that which He lived, society and governments organized and dominated by the principles which He enunciated—that it is to be Christian. This is the modern analysis of Christianity, and there can be no divergence from this standard.

4. Give thanks for home and personal blessings. This theme is too sacred for the printed page except for suggestion. Some one has said, "It is greatly wise to talk with our past hours and ask them what report they bore to heaven." Find time for a "still hour," during the day somewhere, to talk with your past. In that book of memory there is record of joy, apprehension of distress that never came, great temptations, shadows, darkness, death, isolation, but help divine never known before, "hope that maketh not ashamed," personal strength and great peace. The year has been full of the touch of God in personal life. The ladder has indeed reached the skies, and angels have descended and ascended in tender ministrations. Give thanks, give thanks!

SOME WORK FOR LEAGUES.

We desire to direct the attention of the growing number of Leagues to a single department of work. Half a century and more ago, it was the custom of all denominations to set forth in pronounced methods and in clear language their doctrinal teachings. Hence vigorous doctrinal sermons were regarded as the basis of the spiritual food provided, and that minister was considered the best caterer who served this dish most frequently. In these days, nearly all the denominations have swung to the other extreme. Even the church catechism is unintentionally pushed aside by the modern Sunday-school "helps," and there are large numbers of the Sunday-school scholars of Methodism who do not even know that we have a catechism, and more still who have never studied it. The bare mention of these facts excites regret among all classes.

The various Christian Leagues can aid very materially in the effort to remedy this defect. Their members all have a pardonable pride in the church of their choice. They know, many of them, somewhat indefinitely, that Methodism is a mighty religious power in the world; that John Wesley's claim, "The world is my parish," has been realized by the actual possession of his followers; that the sun never sets upon

Methodist church spires; and that the machinery of Methodism is well adjusted for the great work of worldwide evangelization. Yet there is a vagueness in the minds of many young people concerning Methodist doctrines, history and polity, which they would gladly have cleared. Let us point out some ways in which this can be done, in addition to the Sunday-school work:

1. Every pastor should preach a series of sermons some time during his pastorate on formal church doctrines. We know of one pastor who euphemizes his purpose by announcing a series of sermons on "The Foundation Facts of Christianity."

2. The pastor should frequently talk to the League of his church in an informal way upon some topic connected with the history, doctrines or polity of Methodism.

3. Last, but by no means least, the pastor and League might arrange to hold "An Evening with Methodism," occasionally. We would suggest that this "evening" take the place and hour of the regular Sunday evening service. Let different members of the League write and read a paper on some phase of Methodism. About six persons an evening, each occupying six or eight minutes, the whole interspersed with appropriate music, will draw a large congregation. Everybody will go home delighted and instructed—the half-dozen who furnished the entertainment the most instructed of all.

There will be some difficulty at the beginning. The young people, conscious of their inaptitude, restrained by their modesty and unfamiliar with the art of writing, will shrink from the service. Two things will greatly help them: Ask them to do this service "for the love of Christ," and then direct them to sources of information. Before finishing their work, they will find themselves embarrassed in the effort to condense all they have to say within the prescribed limit.

On the second League page—the 6th—may be found an excellent programme of "An Evening with Methodism," as suggested above.

THE BERKELEY STREET BLAZE.

The ordination of Rev. William H. Noyes at Berkeley Street is only a fresh whiff of flame, stirred by a passing breeze, among the embers of the Andover conflagration. Noyes is the man whose offer of missionary service the American Board rejected last year, on the ground of his professed belief in future probation. To reconsider his case, a council of his friends was called at the Berkeley Street Congregational Church. Thirteen churches were represented. Dr. Duryea was chosen moderator. Dr. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Dr. W. B. Wright, ex-President Porter and Prof. Fisher of Yale, several of the Andover professors, and some eminent laymen took part. The re-canvas of the case convinced the council of the substantial orthodoxy of the candidate, and led to the resolution, 25 to 1, of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this council expresses its satisfaction with the examination of Mr. W. H. Noyes, and that we proceed to ordain him as a foreign missionary, and advise this church to endeavor to secure an arrangement by which he can work under the same direction as the other missionaries of the Congregational churches; and that in case such an arrangement cannot be made, this church assume the responsibility of his direction and support."

How harmless is his speculation on this mysterious subject may be seen in his own brief summary, as follows:—"Of the intermediate state I hold no positive doctrine. I do not know what effect physical death will have upon character. What I dread for my fellow-men is spiritual death. I am filled with the assurance that without the love of God they are dying. Character tends to fixity. The Spirit of God will not strive with man forever. Then we are as we are. I preach not the Gospel at once. With the Gospel message I believe in a space a decisive opportunity and obligation to repent. We present the message with the hope that men will be saved by it and not lost. Those who do not hear the message in this life I cheerfully leave to God. I do not claim to know God's method of dealing with them, but I do not refuse to think of them. I entertain in their behalf what I conceive to be a reasonable hope that somehow before their destinies are fixed, there shall be revealed to them the love of God in Christ Jesus. In this, as in every question on which God has given no distinct answer, I merely claim the liberty of the Gospel."

But, in spite of this declaration, the Board reiterates its want of confidence, and leaves the managers at Berkeley Street to send out the young man as an independent missionary. As to the wisdom of this rejection the two sides, of course, differ. To the disinterested spectator, it seems unwise. You can usually find heresy where you look for it; and to be constantly on the watch is the best way to stimulate its growth. If, instead of drawing the question into debate and dissecting it under the microscope, the young man had been set at work in the heathen world, little more would probably have been heard of his heresy. In earnest work he would have sweat off the sickness, and secured a sanitary condition warranting much valuable service in the mission field.

Our Congregational brethren have always exhibited a keen scent for heresy; and, by baying on the track, have not seldom started up game which would otherwise have remained quietly in the bush. For the managers of churches, as of families and schools, there is a deal of wisdom in not seeing every foible; for not a few irregularities and infidelities of theological speculation will settle themselves. All they need is a little more time for readjustment. The unbelief of many young persons marks a stage in their mental development—the passage from crude, undigested, to settled and orderly thought on the Gospel. It is usually a harmless species of criticism, which, like certain diseases, runs its course and cures itself. Doubt, in some of its forms,

is a safeguard to us, the sentinel at the door to turn away the tramp-faiths which frequent the highways and impose upon many worthy and unsuspicious citizens. If a member of the family be sometimes unceremoniously scrutinized and challenged, the error will soon be corrected. "Never be afraid to doubt," says one. "If only you have the disposition to believe, and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth." To arrest the process of investigation in the immature stage is to stereotype an inchoate scheme instead of allowing the mind, with the fewest trammels, to work itself clear.

But the difficulty of which we here speak inheres in the Puritan conception of the Gospel, as a body of truth rather than a depositum of grace. The Puritan's point of view is speculative rather than practical; he attempts to formulate the creed rather than test the quality of experience; he deals with intellectual statements of objective truth more than with the subjective spiritual life in the souls of men. Of course his grasp is less secure and permanent than the hold on the heart. For two hundred years he has been at work to perfect his definitions by exact statement and logical presentation of the truth. For the safe keeping of orthodoxy, he has tutored the intellect with many subtleties, and caused it to subscribe to many well-wrought symbols; and yet, every little while we hear of a landside from the high places of orthodox faith. In the nature of the case this must be so to the end; for truth is much less secure by anchorage to the intellect than to the heart. The appeal of Calvin and his successors in theological speculation to the intellect has presented a continuous change of base; the appeal of John Wesley to the heart has secured, without effort, a firm adhesion to the fundamental truths of the Gospel.

In the dispensation of grace, according to Coleridge, "the heart, the moral nature, is the beginning and the end; and knowledge and insight are comprehended in its expansion." The departure from this pectoral theology regards as the true and first apostasy—"when in council and synod the divine humanities of the Gospel gave way to speculative systems, and religion became a science of shadows under the name of theology, or at best a bare skeleton of truth, without life, or interest, alike inaccessible and unintelligible to the majority of Christians. For these, therefore, there remained only rites and ceremonies and spectacles, shows and semblances. Thus among the learned the substance of things hoped for passed off into notions; and for the unlearned the surface of things became substance."

Of the permanency of emotive theology, one of New England's great theologians has said: "It is not easily discarded. The essence of it remains the same, while its forms are changed; and these forms, though varied to meet the varying exigencies of feeling, are not abandoned so as never to be restored; for the same exigencies appear and reappear from time to time, and therefore the same diversified representations are repeated again and again. The heart loves its old friends, and so much the more if they be lame and blind. Hence the Pilgrim of Bunyan travels and sings from land to land, and will be, as he has been, welcome around the hearthstone of every devout household from age to age; while Edwards on Immutability and Cudworth on Immortality, Morality, knock at many a good man's door only to be turned away shaking the dust from off their feet." The staying qualities of theology, as of human life, are about the heart. The intellect easily yields its grasp; the heart retains its hold on the precious treasure of grace committed to it. Hence believers and churches need anchor to the heart.

How harmless is his speculation on this mysterious subject may be seen in his own brief summary, as follows:—"Of the intermediate state I hold no positive doctrine. I do not know what effect physical death will have upon character. What I dread for my fellow-men is spiritual death. I am filled with the assurance that without the love of God they are dying. Character tends to fixity. The Spirit of God will not strive with man forever. Then we are as we are. I preach not the Gospel at once. With the Gospel message I believe in a space a decisive opportunity and obligation to repent. We present the message with the hope that men will be saved by it and not lost. Those who do not hear the message in this life I cheerfully leave to God. I do not claim to know God's method of dealing with them, but I do not refuse to think of them. I entertain in their behalf what I conceive to be a reasonable hope that somehow before their destinies are fixed, there shall be revealed to them the love of God in Christ Jesus. In this, as in every question on which God has given no distinct answer, I merely claim the liberty of the Gospel."

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whole church had been moved to self-sacrificing generosity in order to reach the "million line," and that it was unwise, if not ungrateful, to expect to exact a larger amount for the year to come. There is not, therefore, any ground for criticism where it has fallen, nor, indeed, should it be visited upon anybody.

The phrase, "taxing liberality," seems a striking incongruity when the most that the Chaplain has asked in order to meet the increased appropriation of the Committee, was one dollar per member from those who were able. Somebody has to lead in such a benediction. Shall it be the liberal or the illiberal? The appropriation of the amount to be raised was a simple and helpful indicator of what was needed from each district, and the comparative ease with which it could be obtained if those who were able would spring to the need. Chaplain McCabe has been leading the denomination wisely, heroically, self-forgetfully, on to a great victory, and we frankly characterize this firing into his back as the "unkindest cut of all."

PERSONALS.

—President Warren was in attendance with the distinguished educators and lovers of art who assembled at the dedication of the "Slater Memorial Museum" at Norwich, Conn., on the 22d inst.

—Apropos of the general purpose to celebrate, on the second Sabbath of December, the triumphs of one hundred years of Christian work connected with Charles Wesley, we are happy to state that Rev. Albert Gould has set the hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," to music which has received the highest praise from leading musicians. The hymn is published in leaflet form, and can be secured of the composer by addressing him at 100 Cambridge St., East Cambridge, Mass.

—Evangelists Ira D. Sankey, Major Whittle, George C. Needham and G. F. Pentecost are all at work in Great Britain. Major Whittle has been holding meetings in Belfast, Ireland, for seven months, and he goes to Limerick and expects to hold meetings in several cities.

—Forty-two years ago, Sunday, Nov. 18, Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., entered upon his duties as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn.

—Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Ph. D., traveled in Egypt and the Holy Land in company with Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., and others, but has parted with them and turned his face toward India to complete his anticipated tour around the world.

—Rev. W. L. Haven addressed the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Providence on Monday, the 19th inst., on the Young People's Christian League. He also addressed the League connected with the Methodistist Church in Bristol on Monday evening.

—Principal Blackless, of East Greenwich, has dared to express his conviction freely on the subject of infidelity by Romanism, and the instruction given in the public schools. And now he is stigmatized by the *Daily Press* of Providence as "Bigot Blackless." It is most honorable to our fearless friend to give a place among the worthies who will not be silenced on this vital question.

—We learn that Prof. W. D. Franklin and Miss Mary I. Hollister, both of South Glensbury, Conn., were united in marriage in that town on the 11th inst. The Professor is widely known in musical and temperance circles, and the lady has been for many years a teacher in the missionary school of Antioch, Syria. Zion's Herald proffers its congratulations.

—Gen. Harrison has selected Elijah W. Hartford, editor of the *Indiana Journal*, as his private secretary. Mr. Hartford is a man of middle age, quiet in his manners, and possessed of great industry and energy. He began life as a compositor upon the *Journal*, and worked his way up from the case to the present place, which he has held for many years. He is very pleasant in his manner, courteous and obliging. His religious tendencies are strong, and he is a devoted Presbyterian, although they are toward Methodism instead of Presbyterianism. He is a lay preacher among the Methodists, and up to this campaign had never missed the weekly prayer meeting in his life.

—Rev. Dr. B. P. Raymond has been elected president of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Dr. Raymond is forty years of age, and has been president of Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., for about six years. It will be remembered that Dr. Raymond was serving the church at Nashua, N. H., when called to Lawrence University. We congratulate the Wesleyan University that at last a man of thoroughly qualified and furnished for the position is secured. In rare and profound scholarship, in judicial equity, in the grasp upon young minds, in administrative ability, and in probable years of service, he is uniquely the man for the place.

—Dr. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, sailed for Europe on Wednesday of last week. He contemplates a visit to Greece, Palestine, and Morocco, and will be gone for some months. May he recuperate and be happy in his absence, and return refreshed, genial and fraternal! This is his farewell:—

"Four years ago the 28th of last month, the *Christian Advocate* left its editorial office in the city of New York, after an absence of some months. Since that time he has not had one week's vacation, not one day's respite from work, unless sick, except upon Sabbath days that he has not preached. Every week, winter and summer, he has furnished his promise to thoroughly qualify and furnish for publication in this paper, except what relates to current news, and has conducted the correspondence of the office, amounting in the time to more than 10,000 letters, the answers to many of which have cost much study and time. To think to rest is when one is tired—not when he is sick."

—And yet men who ought to know better, presume to tell of the "easy time which editors have."

—Our readers have learned from the newspapers of the death of Rev. William C. High, a superannuated member of the New England Conference. He ceased to be "effective" at the close of his appointment at the Florence St. Church in Springfield, about a dozen years ago, previous to which time he filled a series of prominent pulpits in this city and vicinity. He was a wise and beloved pastor. He served in the Christian Commission during the war. A widow and one daughter survive him. The funeral occurs as we go to press. An adequate notice will appear in a future issue.

BRIEFLETS.

—All the Church News held over this week will appear in our next issue.

—It now looks as if St. Paul's Church, Manchester, N. H., Rev. J. M. Williams, Ph. D., pastor, would lead our subscription list. The church has now 84 names for the Herald, and is determined to reach a hundred.

—We have examined with much interest and gratification the Catalogue of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female

College, just issued. It contains elegant engravings of the new school buildings, and also of the "Memorial Arch" erected by Hon. Charles E. Tilton, and the "Hall Memorial Library." This is now one of the best equipped educational institutions in Methodism.

—The sixth annual formal opening exercises of the Gammon School of Theology were held in the chapel of Gammon Hall, Thursday, Nov. 8. After a love-feast, which was full of spiritual power, the remainder of the morning was occupied with addresses by the faculty and representatives from each class. The school year opened on Oct. 3, and the present attendance exceeds that of any previous year at this date, although nine graduates were sent forth last June. Twelve States and more than a score of institutions are represented. The exercises of the day were closed by the formal breaking of ground for the new fire-proof library building, which will be completed in the spring. The cornerstone of the library will be about Dec. 1, when Bishop Joyce and Dr. Hartzell are expected to make addresses.

—The following fact has traveled round the globe, but it remained for the *California Christian Advocate* to give it the happiest touch:—

"The *Congregationalist* has on its 'staff' six or seven." The independent says it can multiply that by three, and that would make an interesting and helpful staff. By subscribing for it, we have had, we believe, Zion's Herald lives with two or three, and is as good as any of them. We are too sleepy to count the 'staff' of the *California Christian Advocate*.

—The ballot is the safety-valve of the Republic. The heat, the impatience, the ambition, long struggling within and threatening explosion, are harmlessly blown off in the canvass and polling places. Election is the nation's method of relief from danger. On his visit to Italy, Milton was surprised to find the gardeners and farmers at work on the sides of Vesuvius while the volcano was active, and asked them why they felt safe. "Yes," they replied, "it is safe; all the danger is before the eruption; then come earthquakes and terror; but just as soon as the volcano begins to pour forth lava, we all feel at rest." The suppression, not the use, of the ballot is our danger. Those who have voted are relieved, and will remain quiet. The suppressed ballot groans and struggles for expression, threatening political earthquakes and cyclones.

—The Worcester Methodist church generously calls attention to the Herald:—"We wish that more of our people were readers of Zion's Herald. It is our own denominational, family religious newspaper, and is worthy of us all. It is a blessing in any home. Besides its notes on the Sunday-school lessons, from week to week, which are among the very best, extra efforts are being made to make it attractive to the young, especially to all the Christian League societies. All will find it interesting and helpful. By subscribing for it now, you can have it free till the first of January."

—Rev. E. P. Dearborn, of Ayer, in sending us the 19th new subscriber, adds: "I found four old subscribers. My membership is sixty-three, and some of that number are non-resident. I am surprised to have added so many new ones so easily. Proportionally our increase in place is among the first and best of our kind. By subscribing for it now, you can have it free till the first of January."

—The Independent will be forty years old the 7th day of December next. Zion's Herald had reached mature manhood when the Independent was born. Our contemporary has enjoyed a most remarkable, potent and prosperous record. Signally able has been the editorial corps, and uniquely able the contributors. Gilbert Haven was once invited to the editorship of that paper. He was sought as much for the fearlessness as the brilliancy of his pen. If the Independent were old enough to be made vain by it, we should quote the words spoken to us in regard to it by the ablest editor of religious journals in London. But with so much in the way of commendation and congratulation, we dare not press further praise at this writing.

—The editor spent the Sabbath in Providence, and looked in on as many of the Methodist churches as could be visited in one day. This was the itinerary: 10.30 A. M., Trinity Sunday-school; 11.30, sermon at Mathewson St. Church; 3 P. M., Trinity Church, address on "The Methodist Press;" and 7.30, address at the Chestnut St. Church. Providence has ten Methodist churches, and we have not visited any New England city where our denomination is making such substantial progress. Methodism has in this city its old-time aggressiveness and self-seekers, and goes on doing its own work in its own way. Trinity Sunday-school is a marvel, of which all New England Methodism should be proud. The entire roll now reaches nearly two hundred, and the membership is kept closely pruned of permanent absentees. The work of this church in all departments is in a most prosperous condition. On a recent Sabbath fifty-two probationers were received into the church.

—The great sermons were quite numerous in this region yesterday. Bishop Mallien presided in the day in Elizabeth, N. J., preaching, taking up collections, and getting people converted. He can do all these, and each one better than the other. A resolution was introduced by Alden Speare with regard to the work in Korea. This resolution gave rise to a thoughtful and earnest discussion, in which Dr. J. M. Reid, Dr. Baldwin, and Bishop Warren took part, when Bishop McCabe offered the following:—

Resolved, "That we will stand at the gates of Korea until her gates are open to the Gospel."

This was the sentiment of the Committee, and the appropriation voted was put at the disposal of the Board.

In Japan, which was next considered, the work is opening grandly. Four additional missionaries are asked for, making a total of twenty-four. Progress of the best and most substantial kind is being made by our missionaries here, and \$60,166 were appropriated. This completed what is known as our "Foreign Missions," with a grand total of appro-

THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

REPORTED BY "MANHATTAN."

(Continued.)

Fifth Day—Monday.

Your correspondent is somewhat in doubt as to whether this is the fifth or sixth day of the session. Sunday might be counted somewhere. For most of the Committee were at work on the Sabbath, and the churches in this city and the cities adjoining greatly enjoyed their ministrations. Bishop Foster preached in St. Paul's. Those who had the good fortune to be present, say he preached a great sermon. But then this is nothing strange. It occurs every time he preaches. The Bishop of New England is worthy of New England. But great sermons were quite numerous in this region yesterday. Bishop Mallien presided in the day in Elizabeth, N. J., preaching, taking up collections, and getting people converted. He can do all these, and each one better than the other. A resolution was introduced by Alden Speare with regard to the work in Korea. This resolution gave rise to a thoughtful and earnest discussion, in which Dr. J. M. Reid, Dr. Baldwin, and Bishop Warren took part, when Bishop McCabe offered the following:—

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prations of \$565,139. But under the direction of our Missionary Society there are missions in the United States, which are administered as foreign missions, as, for instance, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and many others. For this work \$81,722 were appropriated. And when one thinks of the vast territories embraced by these missions, and the amount of good they accomplish, this sum is only a pittance after all. Take Utah alone. We have seventeen missionaries there, twenty-eight regular preaching stations, besides forty occasional ones, fifteen schools established, twenty-three teachers employed; while in the Scandinavian work, in that same territory, we have eight missionaries, sixteen regular preaching stations, and twenty occasional, besides four schools and four teachers. And we are having genuine success in this field. Mormonism dreads Methodism. For Methodism is "Christianity in earnest," which cannot be said of all the "isms." Methodism is something more than a system with beliefs and machines; it is a great soul with a great body and divinely organized for a great work.

Afternoon Session.

Bishop Mallien presided. This session, as well as the one in the evening over which Bishop Joyce presided, was given up largely to the consideration of territorial work, and the heroism of our missionaries all along the frontier, as presented by the Bishops in their several reports, is almost without equal in the history of the church. But what a work these heroic men are doing! They are excavating and putting in foundations for empires possibly, and when some Korean shall sit on the ruins of the new empire, and say, "St. Paul's no longer live! the stately spire, great cities and cathedrals shall stand, as monuments of our Western pioneers. And yet their noblest monument is themselves."

Sixth Day—Tuesday.

Bishop Vincent in the chair. The home work was now considered. That is, if you can call it "home work." Wisconsin to wit: Out of a population of two millions, over forty per cent. speak the German tongue, and nearly twenty-five per cent. are either foreign-born or of foreign-born parents. Bro. G. H. Foster, who ably represented the eighth Conference district, declared that in the city of Milwaukee alone, where the population was about 200,000, over 100,000 were foreigners! Think of it! Think what it means! Think of the possibilities involved! The Committee thought of it. They could not do anything, and so to the German Missions \$39,869 were voted.

Afternoon Session.

Bishop Fitzgerald presided. After the German Missions had been disposed of, the work among the French was considered. J. M. Durrell made a strong plea for the French in New Hampshire and New England generally. Strong testimony was given concerning Bro. Beaudry and his work. Dr. J. O. Peck, who could speak from experience concerning the needs and condition of New England, ably supported Bro. Durrell, and the English gave a full half (\$3,600) of the entire amount (\$7,550) appropriated for this work. In Chicago there are 30,000 French Canadians, 30,000 native French people, and 40,000 Swiss and Belgian French, and yet we have done nothing so far to bring the Gospel to these people. We have the men; we want the money.

At the evening session Bishop Goodsell presided. The work in the South was reviewed. Bishop Fitzgerald urged strongly upon the Committee the necessities of this field, particularly the Conferences over which he had recently presided. This meeting was one of special interest.

Seventh Day—Wednesday.

Bishop Newman presided. Dakota was considered, and it was well considered. Here Chaplain McCabe made one of his strong, ringing speeches, and \$12,750 was voted. Dakota came next, and then East Tennessee. Some striking facts were brought out; as, for instance, the appropriations to some of the Southern Conferences amounting to \$23,000 for a preacher's claim for a whole year! Dr. Tiffany took part in this discussion, and made a strong, vigorous speech.

Afternoon Session.

Bishop Bowman presided. It was voted to hold the next meeting of the Committee in Kansas City. Chaplain McCabe offered a resolution asking the Board not to make grants from the Contingent Fund to pay church debts and to purchase property. This was adopted, but was afterwards reconsidered, and finally laid upon the table.

The work in the South was again taken up, and Georgia secured a vote of \$3,962. I omitted to state that at one of the meetings of the Committee, the subject of our Scandinavian Missions in the United States was considered, and an appropriation granted of \$37,470. We have no field, either home or foreign, that promises so much by way of direct and special benefit as that among the Scandinavians. They are a thrifty, honest, God-fearing people. They make good, trusty, law-abiding citizens. They incline naturally to the Methodist Church. The appropriation, therefore, was voted gladly.

The West and South were considered in their respective claims, and substantial votes were ordered for Kentucky, Tennessee, Michigan, and several other Conferences. Evidently the New South needs the old Methodism. Bishop Warren spoke of "an entire church being wiped out by the shot-gun." We are told sometimes that "the war is over," but to listen to the reports that are coming to the Committee, would make one think it was not over quite yet.

The evening session was presided over by Bishop Foster, and this concluded the labor of the Committee for this year. The value of such a Committee cannot be overestimated. The painstaking character of their work, the thoroughness of their administration, the close attention to every detail, the care in the expenditure of all money, the complete reports from all departments of mission service, the earnest desire to do justice to every claim presented, the cheerful waiving of all personal considerations, and the deep anxiety to promote the cause of Christ, have impressed all who have attended these meetings.

RECAPITULATION.

Foreign Missions	\$565,139
" " In the United States	81,722
Domestic Missions	1,200
Wham Missions	1,200
Scandinavian Missions	37,470
German Missions	39,869
French Missions	7,550
Chinese Missions	9,500
Japanese Missions	5,500
American Indian	4,000
Bobanah and others	3,400
English-speaking	20,000
Miscellaneous	76,000
Outstanding Drafts	77,000
Grand total	\$1,200,000

Missionary Committee Notes.

Chaplain McCabe's description of the debt-paying in our church in Utah was thrilling in the extreme. The value of our noble church edifice in Salt Lake City has been long since demonstrated. To save that church was one of the best things the Chaplain ever did.

Bishop Andrews is one of the most valuable members of the Committee. His personal acquaintance with almost the entire field, gives to his words great impressiveness and

force, while his exquisite tact and courtesy enable him to be perfectly plain and direct. He is a burning and a shining light—a rare combination in Christian character.

—New England sent as visitors Rev. Dr. Eli, Dr. G. F. Eaton, Dr. J. W. Lindsay, and Rev. E. P. King.

—The editor of Zion's Herald looked in for a little while, but



THANKSGIVING MORNING.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMER.

A sparkle of gems on the meadow grass,
And a breath of frost in the air;
A flurry of snow, but 't is not ill pass,
For the heavens above are fair.
The arch of the sky is translucent blue,
The lake a bright mirror of sapphire hue,
While there's a beauty everywhere;
And the earth, in her russet autumn gown,
Waits till the winter white comes down.
His bride to lead, as he wears the veil
Of her smiling, anony adorning.
Awake! Arise! Greet the radiant skies;
Hallelujah! 'Tis Thanksgiving morning!

The Pilgrims of old on the rocky heights
Of the stern New England shore,
Their log-cabins built, as they ploughed and sowed
Amid hardships many and sore.
While the Indians' wrath made the boldest fear,
And sorrow, and death, and gaunt famine drear
Were but part of the life they bore.
Then the autumn came with its bounteous yield,
And the golden harvest crowned the field;
Each bosom glowed, and tapers flames flowed,
And hope had a blissful dawn;
Then let our song the glad strain prolong;
Hallelujah! 'Tis Thanksgiving morning!

Though branches are bare and the fields are shorn,
Yet the garners are full of store;
For the crops are reaped, and the barn is rich
With a treasure running o'er;
While the precious seeds and the humble roots,
And the golden gourds and the mellow fruits,
Are heaped on the granary floor.
Our homes are bright and our hearts are warm,
We laugh at the thought of frost and storm,
While God we praise for winter days,
All fear and fretting soaring.
Our songs arise 'neath the changing skies;
Hallelujah! 'Tis Thanksgiving morning!

O Union of States! Bright bevy of stars,
Kindled, kept by the Hand Divine!
No shadow of rash thy fair glory mars,
For Jehovah hath bid thee shine.
See, within thy borders, O favored land,
How the angels of Peace and Plenty stand,
From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate,
The Shield and the Sun of each happy State.
In God the Lord, and His gracious word,
Thy bulwark and bright adorning;
Columbia, sing! Let the chorus ring!
Hallelujah! 'Tis Thanksgiving morning!

THREE INSTEAD OF FOUR.

I lay the table as I did last year,
And give the chairs around as before;
Oh! if I only could hold back the year,
I need not see it—three instead of four.
They now are coming in their youthful glee;
I'll hide my face a little by the door;
They may not notice any change in me,
When they are passing—three instead of four.
Look around, but do not see them all;
As on Thanksgiving Day of old;
One loving, struggling tear, I let it fall,
When a sweet spirit voice comes whispering low.
Listen, heedless of the others near,
Thanking my Father for all mercies given.
I wonder if my darling saw that tear?
It is not very far from earth to heaven.
I would not call him from the other shore
To sit beside me at the feast to-night;
It only seemed but three instead of four,
When for a moment God had hid the light.
—Henry C. Hayden.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

What, stand with slackened hands and
fallen heart over the littleness of your service!
Too little is it, to be perfect in it? Would
you, then, if you were Master, risk a greater
treasure in the hands of such a man? Oh,
there is no man, no woman, so small that they
cannot make their life great by high endeavor.
... This is the beginning of all Gospels—
that the kingdom of heaven is at hand just
where we are. —William C. Gannett.

There is a kind of fish which resembles sea-
grass. It hides itself in the midst of marine
vegetation. Below is the head, looking like
the bulb of the plant, and above is the body
and the tail, looking like the blade of sea-
grass. The ocean currents sway the fish and
the grass alike, and so the little fish escapes
being devoured by its enemies. They swim
along, and one can hardly perceive where fish
leaves off and grass begins, so perfect is the
disguise. Now, there are a great many Chris-
tians whose lives are so blended with the
world that they cannot easily be distinguished.
They are swayed by worldly maxims and
habits; they share with the world in its sinful
pleasures. The difference between such Chris-
tians and worldlings is not apparent. If this
is the kind of Christianity you are living,
you need not be afraid of persecution; the
world will not think it worth while to molest
such a Christian as that. You will not know
what it is to drink of the cup that Christ
drank of, and to be baptized with the baptism
that He was baptized with. But let a man
come out into the open; let him confess
Christ as his Master; let him engage in some
aggressive Christian work, and he will meet
the same opposition which was experienced by
the One who said, "I came not to send peace,
but a sword." —Edward Judson.

Be not too busy, O thou earnest heart,
To hear what friends are saying at thy side;
To know if cares or joys with them abide,
And for their help or cheer to do thy part;
To hear the "music of humanity,"
To feel itself one of God's family.
Be not too busy, dreamer, with thy dreams,
To see the world about thee, for thy dream;
To see in woods, its hills, its waters gleaming;
To watch the sunset clouds, the "green things grow-
ing."
To hear the birds, the brooks, the wild winds blow-
ing.
Be not too busy with thy work and care
To look to God, to clasp thy hand in His;
To miss not all else, but fall not out of this;
To need not all alone thy burdens bear;
Listen and wait, and learn His will,
His love and service all thy life shall fill.
—Oliver E. Dana.

Thanksgiving seems always to be the day
of reckoning our material advances or re-
gressions, both as individuals and as a nation.
When we ask, "What have I to be thankful
for?" is not this what we mean: Wherein has
God prospered me? And then we begin squar-
ing accounts. To some of us the result will
draw forth with deep bitterness the cry,
"Why has God afflicted me?" Hopes that
were ready to blossom died in a day; plans
that, when carried out, would have left time
and money to devote to better things than
the accumulation of wealth, were rendered void
and useless, because an unseen hand pre-
vented the maturing. Empty chairs and aching
hearts tell of blinding grief and agony; and
a year that dawned like a rosy morning closes
in a blackness that shuts out the promise of
another day. Some of us face a shadow that
has barely touched our lives, yet it threatens
in its possibilities to engulf us in terrible,
crushing folds, and we are tempted to sit
down, hopelessly waiting for the end, feeling

that to battle is useless. God help us if this
is our fate! Material disaster means restric-
tion in all that makes life a pleasure. Death
leaves heartache, loneliness, but bright hope
for the future. But the man or woman who
faces a living sorrow must cling closely to
the hand of a loving and chastening Father,
or sink helpless and hopeless into a despair
that causes spiritual death. Can those bear-
ing such a sorrow give thanks? Yes, if in the
sorrow and in the bearing of it they feel that it
is the furnace from which they will come forth
with the alloy of selfishness, uncharitableness,
pride, and uncleanliness refined away, and the
pure gold of helpfulness, sympathy, tender-
ness and unselfish love alone remaining to
adorn and strengthen the child of a wise and
living God.

Every furnace of affliction is reaching the
pure gold. Its fires are sometimes built of
material disaster; sometimes of misunder-
standings that part us from those we love as
our own souls, but can never win again in this
life; sometimes of physical limitations that
make life seem like an arid desert, with oases
of God's promises which we only reach when
night unto death; sometimes a sudden loss
that leaves a hopeless, blank darkness that no
promise of a future heaven, with its blissful
meeting and communion, can illumine. But al-
ways there is a guiding Power and a loving
Heart "who will not suffer you to be tempted
above what ye are able to bear." —Christian Union.

I bring my hymn of thankfulness
To Thee, dear Lord, to-day;
Though not for joys Thy name I bless,
And not for gifts I pray.
The griefs that know not man's redress
Before Thy feet I lay.
—Rose Terry Cooke.

AN OLD LESSON IN A NEW DRESS.

FOR THANKSGIVING TIME.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

MR. EUGENE SEYMOUR was tired of
life.
Not that such an announcement is at all
novel, nor the case an isolated one. Many the
man who has been sadly, thoroughly, desper-
ately tired of living, long before the world
seemed done with him. And the last degree
mentioned indicates the extent to which Mr.
Seymour had wearied of existence—desperately
so.
But at the same time that the mere fact
expressed is common enough, yet the sur-
roundings make the case alluded to a decided-
ly unusual one; for Eugene Seymour was a
man in full prime, with plenty of money in
his pocket and a solid bank account subject to
his own control and disposal at his back. The
only apparent drawback to complete enjoy-
ment lay in the fact that he was dogged with
a kind of chronic dyspepsia, not severe at all,
but rather annoying.

A year or two before, Mr. Seymour had
been greatly attracted by a handsome but
somewhat dashing young lady, who seemed
to take delight in resisting his approaches,
only to coyly set about attracting him again
as soon as his attentions were withdrawn.
But a time came when the gentleman resolu-
tely concluded he had furnished sufficient di-
version for her lovely but contrary ladyship,
and he ceased to vex himself with so uncertain
an allurer.

When on the accession of his father's large
estate Mr. Seymour retired from active busi-
ness, he thought it a grand and desirable
thing to have all the time there was at his dis-
posal, and for a very few years it was one un-
interrupted round of pleasure and ease. Then
the time began to hang heavily, pleasure to
pall, and life grew pale and tasteless. Iner-
tia brought sluggish digestion, speedily de-
veloping the form of dyspepsia described.

"My life needs more of the spice of vari-
ety," said the self-pampered man. "I wonder
what travel will do?"
Mr. Seymour was not a religious man, and
perhaps he was not to blame. His good mother
had died during his early boyhood, and his
father, an inert professor, absorbed in busi-
ness cares, had thought but little or nothing
of the spiritual condition of his son. So when
during his journeyings in the far East, Mr.
Seymour had stood on sacred ground where
the guide pretended to point out the spot
where the cross of Christ had stood, the travel-
er speculated vaguely, and it must be con-
fessed rather carelessly, as to how much of
truth there might be in "the legend of the
Christ." And as it was, he undeniably
felt a more vivid interest when in sunny Spain
he wandered to the storied ground of Granada
and to the old Moorish ruins of the Alhambra,
than when he gazed on the slopes of Olivet
and the consecrated ground, where once,
it was said, stood Solomon's temple in all its
ancient fame and glory.

But aimless wanderings, like everything
else, had lost their charm long before his feet
touched again his native soil. The symptoms
of dyspepsia were increasing, while his mind,
devoid of sufficient occupation, began, as it
ever will, to prey upon itself. Upon first ar-
riving at home, the pleasure of seeing familiar
faces, especially those he met at his club-
room, offered some hope that life might hold
something of its old glamour after all. But
scarcely a month had sped by before the old
listless, objectless, dejected feelings returned
and haunted him with tireless persistency.

He often wished himself a man of family,
that in the midst of the legitimate require-
ments of a large household he might find oc-
cupation worthy of his attention; but the un-
fortunate experience with the fickle girl who
had so nearly loved, had steeled his heart
against women, so he drifted along with the
tide, like in human affairs, if devoid of all
holy motives and aspirations, soon bears one
towards a dangerous, if not fatal, current.

Like most persons who are growing con-
scientiously morbid, Mr. Seymour tried to con-
ceal his real feelings, and so mingled to an ex-
tent with his former associates. One evening
at the club room the door opened and in
walked Fred Mercer, an old friend and school-
mate.

"See here, Seymour," he began half laugh-
ingly, "do you remember Sam Dawson, who
used to live here twenty years ago or more
when we were lads?"

Yes, Eugene Seymour remembered Sam
Dawson well.

"What do you think?" continued Fred in
an animated tone; "Sam's turned a sort of
missionary and preacher. I happened to be
passing that little chapel down by the Point
to-night, and seeing quite a crowd collected,
I put my head in at the door, and there stood
Sam holding forth at a great rate—used tip-
top language, too."

Mr. Mercer went on with an amused
smile: "You know he was always a sort of
womanish boy, just the one you'd imagine
might take to religion as he grew older, but

he was just slinging in the points in a way to
make a man listen whether he wanted to or
not. I really believe the fellow was in ear-
nest, and got a heap of consolation out of his
theories," concluded Fred Mercer, a queer
blending of amusement and sincerity in his
tones.

As Mr. Seymour reached his house that
night he blurted out impetuously to himself:
"Well, thank God! there's one fellow in the
world has some well-defined theories that
prove consoling. As to my life, I believe I'd
as lief shuffle off the useless coil as not, this
very moment!"

It was Thanksgiving week, and signs of hol-
iday cheer were on every side. Fatted but
featherless fowl hung in long rows in the
market windows, well flanked with fruits and
vegetables of every hue and variety, while the
near approach of some festive occasion was
heralded from almost every window along the
broad thoroughfares of trade.

But while the signs of good cheer lent
smiles and animation to the faces of most pas-
sers-by, yet to one man they seemed a mock-
ery, and as if set to taunt his fast-falling spir-
its. It was getting late, and Mr. Seymour
was returning from a supper at the club-
room. An onerous oppression lay at his
breast, a threatened nemesis for having in-
dulged too freely at the sumptuous spread he
had just risen from.

"Curse the whole realm!" he muttered un-
der his breath. "Thanksgiving, indeed! What
in time have I got to be thankful for, I
should like to know?"

A prick from conscience must have pierced
his consciousness at that query, for he added
sullenly: "Oh, yes; I've plenty of the 'where-
withal,' and can pay for food, clothing and
shelter, but what are these to offset a hollow,
dyspeptic existence bereft of motive, health
or ambition?"

He had reached his home, and entering the
beautiful library, the soft light from the chan-
deler, to his disordered imagination, shed a
melancholy glow over everything before him.
The sculptured cupid in the corner seemed
gazing mournfully at the arrow about to
speed from its bow, as if it might carry a sting
along with the honey of its magic dart. The
glorious face of the Madonna was overshadowed
with grief as she bent over the halo-en-
circled head of her divine boy. A fine paint-
ing of a storm-swept forest had a weird effect
never noticed until now, while opposite hung
a larger picture in which a superb stag with
antlers raised aloft and eyes upturned, seemed
imploping kind heaven to guide it to a spring
where it might slake its deadly thirst.

"Yes, curse the whole realm!" he muttered
again; "there's nothing on earth or in nature
that is not tainted with sorrow, storm or
death! And as to whether 'to be or not to be'
is the question, if it weren't for the 'per-
chance' of dreams—" He strode to one of
the richly-laden shelves, took down a copy of
Shakespeare, and read Hamlet's soliloquy on
death. Then he replaced the volume, and with
head bent down, paced thoughtfully
through the room, until after a long time he
said aloud:—

"I can't endure the insufferable solitude of
this house any longer," and taking his coat
and hat, he went silently out.

It was nearly midnight; the stores were
closed at last, and the streets nearly deserted.
Now and then a policeman eyed narrowly the
well-dressed man who in abstracted mood
sauntered past them. It was at a street corner
that another man, apparently in great haste
and absorbed in his own thoughts, suddenly
bounced against him in a way to bring both
men to a standstill. Pausing directly beneath
the gaslight, a look into each other's faces
brought a quick smile of mutual recognition.

"Eugene Seymour! Well, 'pon my honor,
my dear fellow, I didn't mean either to quite
annihilate you, nor to mix your identity with
the lamp-post. I beg your pardon, and—how
are you?"

Mr. Seymour began in slower accents:
"Glad to see you, Sam. Our old friend, Fred
Mercer, told me Sam Dawson was in town
again. Always seems good to meet an old
play-fellow, even if the meeting is a little un-
expected and untimely as to hours."

But Sam Dawson, whose mind appeared to
travel rapidly in keeping with his active body,
instead of replying to Mr. Seymour's last re-
mark, surprised that gentleman by bursting out:
—

"Bless my soul, Seymour! What wouldn't
I give for a title of your opportunities!"
"My opportunities?" queried Mr. Sey-
mour, a swift recollection of his barren, un-
satisfying life sweeping over him. "My op-
portunities?" he repeated in a perplexed
way.

"Yes, your opportunities, man!" said Sam
with vigorous emphasis. "Why, only 'think,'
he added, "I'm on my way now at this ghos-
tly hour to implore aid of one of our 'over-
seers of the poor' in behalf of a poor little
woman whose heart is quite broken. She's a
little German with two sturdy boys, one two,
the other four. They arrived on an emigrant
ship day before yesterday and took a tenement
at Poole's Court. Yesterday her hus-
band, who had been ill nearly all the way
over, was taken with a misery at the heart,
and last night he died."

"I declare that's hard, now, isn't it?" ejac-
ulated Mr. Seymour, whose really kind heart
sent a touch of genuine pity into his voice.

Sam Dawson's keen eye detected at once
the sympathetic tone, and he promptly fol-
lowed up the possible advantage.

"Worst of it," he added, "the poor child
—a stranger in a strange land, you know,
Gene—has barely money enough to bury her
husband decently, as she is determined to do,
and here this bleak night there isn't a piece of
coal, or bread either, in those two rooms."

The brave little woman mourns piteously over her
loss, but declares her intention to stay right
here, and find such work as she can. But I
must move on, I'm in hopes to circumvent
Hempstead, one of the 'board,' who, I happen
to know, has been at some revel at Cook's
Hall. Then I may get an order for coal and
outmeal to carry to Poole's Court early in the
morning."

"But it's bitter cold without a fire now,"
said Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, I know," said Mr. Dawson, with a
smile of pitying comprehension, "but the
poor, you know, have to bide their time as
best they may, while relief creeps slowly in
at their narrow door."

Eugene Seymour felt a quick thrill at his
heart, and a current of welcome interest
swept over him as he asked in low, half-boy-
ish fashion,—

"What's the matter, Sam, with our catch-
ing hold of this 'relief' question ourselves,
and you and I, lugging one a basket of coal
and the other a bundle of food, to that poor
freezing little widow and her babies? I know
cellar that's full of fuel and a ladder that's
full of food."

"Now I call that coming to terms like a
gentleman—and a Christian!" cried Sam
gleefully, and the two men tramped hastily
off together.

The experience of that night proved a pro-
vidential wedge sent to awaken in Eugene Sey-
mour's soul a realization of what real misfor-
tune meant, and also to show something of
what a man of leisure and means could do.

Two days later, and the day before Thank-
sgiving, Sam Dawson had another piteous
story, although not as sad as the first one, to
tell, and Mr. Seymour was all ready to hear
it.

It was of another widow, who had worked
like a slave and had promised her children
that for once, if never again, they should have
a turkey and perhaps a small plum-pudding
on Thanksgiving day. To her grief, anger
and dismay, on attempting to pay for the
moderately-sized fowl she had selected that
afternoon, she discovered that some smart
rogue had cut her pocket away, with the hard
earnings of several days in it, and the turkey,
pudding, and, in fact, the entire anticipated
holiday feast, had all fled with the luckless
pocket.

"Go quickly and tell her a friend sent it
who wishes to remain unknown," said Mr.
Seymour as he pressed a sum of money into
Sam Dawson's hand.

"Tell her your own fine speeches!" said
Sam, with characteristic brusqueness. "I tell
you, Gene, he added, his face a picture of
sunshine and benevolence, "there's nothing on
God's earth makes a man feel happier than to
see a look of despair on some troubled face
turn to one of hope and gratitude. Fact, dear
old boy! Just try it," he added with an ar-
gumentative infection of his winning voice.

But Eugene Seymour's entire after life had
received a most effective and redeeming im-
petus from the moment when, at midnight, he
was brought face to face with his faithful,
tireless friend. The episode of the stolen
pocket resulted delightfully for all concerned
—except possibly the thief. When Mr. Sey-
mour accompanied the market boy with a
basket heaped with good things which sur-
rounded a great fat turkey, the poor woman,
who thought everything of good cheer had
departed with her pocket, tried her best to
thank him, but at last she only succeeded in
sobbing out:—

"May the God of the widow and the father-
less bless you forever and ever! And may
you be always blessed with a long purse and
keep your kind heart forever—may you
that, sir!"

Mr. Seymour felt so happy as he turned
from the widow's door, that he resolved on
bestowing several other charities in directions
where he knew they would be appreciated, al-
though he had never thought of it before.

On Thanksgiving day Eugene Seymour and
Sam Dawson dined sumptuously together at
the house of the former, when they exchanged
mutual confidences. Mr. Seymour confessed
himself on the verge of despair when he met
his friend, and Mr. Dawson told of having
found "surcease of sorrow" in following in
the footsteps of the Master and going about
doing good.

When another Thanksgiving season was ap-
proaching, Eugene Seymour was about to
marry the capacious beauty who once toyed
with his heart too long; but having been
chastened by adversity and sorrow, her nature
had been purged of its dross, and she bade
fair to become a sincere Christian woman.

The men at the club-room looked disap-
pointed when Fred Mercer declared that Mr.
Eugene Seymour had withdrawn his name
from their list of membership.

"Sort of joined himself to Sam Dawson in
his philanthropic work among the poor,"
Fred observed; "and they say," he added,
"that Seymour drives about in his new in-
terests, that every trace of his troublesome
dyspepsia has disappeared."

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, of which to
make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn which has his waiting
world to feed!
Praise God for fish and fowl and fowls He gave to men
for food!
Praise God for every creature which He made and
called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice, praise God for
summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit-tree bearing seed, "to you it is
for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world is
fed!
Praise God, ye children all, to whom He gives your
daily bread!
—Edward Everett Hale.

GOOD READING.

"Oh, dear! how I hate to come back to
this every-day world. Oh, dear! why
could I not be born rich and handsome, and
have a fate, instead of delving away here?"
and Maggie Dalling closed her book, "Emme-
line's Fate," with a sigh. She had spent her
whole morning reading it, and had neglected
her dishes, just to see how it would "come
out," as girls will.

Maggie's dishes lay in the pan, waiting to
be washed. The kitchen fire was out, but the
work had to be done, and Maggie reluctantly
left her seat at the sunny window to do her
work. It seemed to Maggie that the dishes
were never so greasy, and the water never
cooled so quickly, and during all the time she
was bemoaning her fate, just because she was
plain Maggie Dalling, with a good comforta-
ble home and kind parents, and not the beau-
tiful Lady Emmeline.

What caused Maggie's discontent?
A book—just a romantic, impossible story,
such as often changes the tenor of a girl's
whole life, and makes her to look down upon
the simple home life and the little homely
duties that are as heroic in their small way as
all the dashing deeds of the pictured people
in the books.

Now, if Maggie had given her morning to
"Little Women," how different a picture life
would present. Dear "Little Women," Faith
Gartney, "Dr. Gilbert's Daughter," and nu-
merous others that would show Maggie the
sweet of every-day life!

nobler lessons you learned in the great book
of experience.—ROSE B. KANE, in *Home Life*.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

SHE never accepts a valuable present from
a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to
him.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a
restaurant with a gentleman, unless accompa-
nied by a lady older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her
on the street, unless they are intimate ac-
quaintances.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a
street car without thanking him.

She never snubs other young ladies less
popular or snub favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly at public
places.

She never wears clothing so striking as to
attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightly of her mother.—
Truth.

For tables spread with loving care,
And garnished with delicious fare,
For welcomes in the kindly homes,
For words in the sacred dome,
Our thankful hearts, O God, we raise,
And sing to Thee our song of praise.
Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold,
For loving kindness, home and health,
Are better far than boundless wealth.
—Selected.

FANCY WORK FOR CHRISTMAS.

Spunge Bag.
A convenient bag for sponges is made of fine bat-
ter's linen, lined with rubber sheeting, and covered
in raw silk or linen and gathered on draw-string
of white braid. This can be washed without remov-
ing the rubber cloth.—Selected.

Head Rests.

A new idea in head-rests or chair pillows is the
fastening together, at one end of each, by means of
ribbon-bows, two small pillows or cushions; thus
when the cushions are on the chair one falls back,
the other to the front on which the head rests. These
cushions may be stuffed with any of the materials
usually employed for the purpose. The outside of the
cushions may be of plain or embossed plush, the in-
side of India silk or pongee; or they might be made
very prettily of cretonne, using some bright-colored
silk for the lining.—Christian Union.

Knitting-Needle Case.

For a friend who knits, a pleasing Christmas re-
membrance is a knitting-needle case which is made
of bronze morocco in envelope form, with a double
lining of silk, divided by machine stitching into a num-
ber of pockets for holding the needles, a set of four
being accommodated in each partition. Across the
top of the pockets the silk is finished with a button
hole edge, a inch below the tops of the needles,
leaving room to take them out easily. The friend's
name or monogram can be worked on the flap that
folds over, and on the other side any pretty design
may be done with chain-stitch. The edges where silk
and leather meet should be neatly bound with brown
gallion.—Home-Maker.

Night-Dress Case.

Take a piece of pasteboard twelve inches square
and cover with any color of silk desired. Light pink
or blue is very pretty. Between the silk and board on
one side place a layer of white perfumed wadding.
Cut four quarter squares or three-cornered pieces to
fit in the form of a square. Cover these with silk,
putting a layer of wadding under the silk on one side
of each, and join each piece on the sides of the large
square by a strip of silk two inches wide, which will
give room for folding over the dress. Cover with
some pretty lace design, and trim with a pretty lace
edge. Fold each quarter square over and fasten in the
centre with a button and an elastic loop. Finish
the centre with a pretty bow or rosette. This is a
convenient as well as pretty receptacle for the night-
dress.—Housewife.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE REPORTS.

REPORTED BY REV. F. N. CPHAM.

A PLEDGE.

"I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do every-
thing, but I can do something; and what I can do,
I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the help of
God I will do."

A SURVEY.

Dorchester, Mass.—Seventy-five members con-
stitute the energetic League in this church. The work
this fall has started off very favorably. New mem-
bers are joining all the time. The League has adopted
the Oxford League and Home College Series as a
course of reading. Meetings are held on the second
and fourth Wednesday evenings of every month. The
prayer-meeting on Sunday evening is under the charge
of the League.

East Somerville, Mass.—Rev. E. M. Taylor, of
First St., Somerville, entertained and instructed his
Young People's Christian League on a recent evening
by a lecture on the microscope. He has made a spe-
cialty of this instrument in recent years, and has
given a most interesting and instructive talk on
what may be seen and known thereby. There is a
hint here for other Leagues looking for something in-
structive and entertaining, and Mr. Taylor never says
no to a call for helpful service.

East Cambridge, Mass.—The Young Ladies' Glad
Tidings Association, connected with the Trinity M. E.
Church, gave a reception to the Young Men's Work-
ing Corps of the same church at the parsonage,
Wednesday evening. About sixty young ladies and
gentlemen were present. A very interesting enter-
tainment was furnished, consisting of singing, read-
ing and instrumental music. The secretary of the
young ladies' society, Miss Mattie Hutchinson, also
gave a very interesting report of the work in which
the society is engaged, and Mr. C. A. Hubbard, sec-
retary of the young men, made a fine report, giving
the detail work of the summer. Addresses were
made by Rev. Mr. Gould and wife, the founders of
the two societies, and by President J. S. Pike. After
the entertainment came a bountiful collation of fruits
etc., served by the young ladies.

Providence, R. I.—The Oxford League of Trinity
Church issues a very neat and novel invitation, print-
ed on parchment paper, to services at their church on
Sunday evenings. Their pastor, Rev. C. L. Goodell,
is preaching a series of sermons on the following
themes: 1. "The Christian at Home." 2. "The
Christian in Business." 3. "The Christian in Society."
4. "Daughters and Sons of the King." 5.
"Knights of To-morrow."

Gloucester, Mass.—Rev. T. C

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, November 20.

— Sale of the effects of the British Legation at Washington.

— Fully \$10,000 guaranteed to send Missionary Noyes to Japan.

— France declares she can take care of her own interests in Africa.

— Rev. Mr. Spurgeon extremely weak, and leaves for the south of France.

— The Cunarder "Umbría" makes the fastest eastward run on record.

— The First Congregational Church of Dedham celebrates its 250th anniversary.

— General Goff, the Republican candidate, claims that he is the governor-elect of West Virginia.

— Two government witnesses on the way to London to testify against Parnell about that they are coerced.

— Empress Frederick arrives in England. She is met at Port Victoria by the Queen and the German ambassador.

— Verdict of murder in the first degree in the Palmer case at Portsmouth, N. H., and the prisoner sentenced to be hanged.

— In the House of Commons Mr. Madden brings in the bill to further facilitate the purchase of land in Ireland by adding £5,000,000 to the amount applicable under the Ashbourne act.

Wednesday, November 21.

— Great Britain takes possession of the Cook Islands.

— Alfred H. Colquhoun elected United States Senator from Georgia.

— A break of 5-12 cents on December wheat and 3 cents in May in Chicago.

— Dedication of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of All Saints at Albany, N. Y.

— De Bunn, the defaulting National Park Bank teller of New York, indicted for forgery.

— Five passenger cars overturned near Cincinnati, O., and many passengers seriously injured.

— The funeral of Admiral Baldwin occurs at New York. Many distinguished people present.

— Civil service rules to be applied to all appointments in the bureau of engraving and printing.

— The seven large ice houses of the Wenhams Lake Ice Company on the shores of the lake destroyed by fire.

— The debate on the Ashbourne act continued in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's amendment rejected.

— Cardinal Lavigne's expedition to aid in the suppression of the slave trade in the Tanganyika region to leave Brussels at the beginning of the year.

— Connecticut capitalists organize the Tennessee River Transportation Company. The company intend developing the resources of that part of the country.

Thursday, November 22.

— Italian workmen's societies protest against war.

— James Russell Lowell banqueting at Liverpool.

— Carpet manufacturers hold a meeting in New York and decide to advance prices.

— Charles T. Parsons, of Northampton, Mass., arrested at Holyoke for chaining to his wagon a Polish laborer who worked for him.

— Mr. Harrington, proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, held £500 by the Parnell Special Commission for contempt of court.

— Managing Editor Elijah W. Halford, of the *Indianapolis Journal*, offered the position of private secretary to General Harrison.

— Mr. Lebonchere considers the Irish land purchase bill a gross injustice on the British taxpayer, and, moreover, an injury to Ireland.

— The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor agree to have an investigation by committee of the national headquarters in Philadelphia.

Friday, November 23.

— Republicans will contest the electoral vote of Virginia.

— Opening and dedication of the Slater Memorial Museum at Norwich, Conn.

— Complimentary banquet tendered Congressmen-elect Banks at the Revere House.

— A conference held in London to consider the proposed cable between Vancouver and Australia.

— In a skirmish between the Maryland police and the oyster pirates, several of the latter wounded.

— George C. Lewis, a young bank clerk of Springfield, detected in an attempt to plunder the bank; no money taken.

— The resignation of Dr. Joseph T. Duryea formally accepted by the trustees of the Central Congregational Church.

— Organization of the Port Payne Coal & Iron Company of Alabama, with a capital of \$5,000,000, largely from New England.

— Mr. Parnell criticizes the Ashbourne Extension bill in the House of Commons; the second reading of the bill passed by a vote of 229 to 224.

— The Reichstag opened by Emperor William in person. In his speech he expresses himself as confident that the peace of Europe will be maintained.

— The agent of the Earl of Kenmare states before the Parnell Commission that the Land League is still all-powerful in Ireland; Edward Harrington refuses to pay his fine of £500 for contempt of court; William O'Brien also attacks the Commission through his news paper, *United Ireland*.

Saturday, November 24.

— A \$200,000 fire at Baroka Springs, Ark.

— Fire destroys nearly half the town of Pocomoke, Md.

— Charles T. Parsons, for ill-treating the Pole, held in \$2,000 bonds by the grand jury.

— An agreement reached by which the railroad freight war is settled.

— Ex-Senator Rollins of New Hampshire stricken with apoplexy in this city.

— The switchmen's strike at Indianapolis becoming serious. Not a switch engine moved.

— Great damage to shipping reported from Montreal. Many vessels ice-bound and scores of lives imperiled.

— Mr. Sunde, cashier of the New York Daily News, is missing. So far as known he has taken \$10,000.

— Kansas turns out to be the banner Republican State. She gave Harrison a plurality of 80,176 over Cleveland.

— James E. Bell, the New York forger, sentenced to twenty-five years and four months' hard labor in State Prison.

— General Master Workman Powderly rejected. He announces that his salary is \$2,000 in excess of what he would accept.

— The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, after meeting all expenses for the year and laying by a surplus of \$83,719, pays a dividend of 10 per cent.

— General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, withdraws from the Grand Army of the Republic on the ground that the organization is being used for political purposes.

Monday, November 26.

— The Rothschild syndicate takes an Austrian loan of \$10,000,000.

— The steamer "Newburgh," coal laden, foundered in the North Sea. Sixteen persons drowned.

— The Pope has instructed Cardinal Gibbons to congratulate Mr. Harrison on his election to the Presidency.

— The philanthropist, I. V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, to give \$12,000,000 to found a great industrial school for boys.

— Severe snow and sleet storm. The "Moro Castle" and other vessels wrecked off the Delaware breakwater. Several barges lost in Long Island Sound.

"BUSY DAYS WITH BUSY PEOPLE," will be described in the *Youth's Companion* as follows: "A Day with a Famous Doctor," by W. H. Bishop; "A Day in a Telephone Exchange," by G. P. Lathrop; "A Day with a Managing Editor," by Harold Frederic; "A Day with the Superintendent of a Great Railway," by Charles Barnard; and "A Day with De Lesseps," by Nugent Robinson.

Too many Christmas Cantatas give the prominent parts to girls, thus neglecting the boys. We notice one this year that divides the honors equitably, namely, "The Santa Claus Boys," advertised in our columns.

Manchester, N. H., May 7, 1887.
J. J. Pike & Co., Chelsea, Mass.

Gentlemen:—Ten years ago I commenced to use Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve for the Salt Rheum and am still using it, and during these ten years it has proved an unfailing remedy.

Very truly yours, S. S. MARDEN.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the *New York Observer* in another column. It is unnecessary for us to add anything in commendation of the *Observer*. It speaks for itself, and their card is well worth reading. Look it up.

CAR LOADS OF ORGANS are being shipped from the Cornish Organ factory situated at Washington, New Jersey. This firm started a few years ago manufacturing instruments on a small scale, but when the superior quality of their organs became known their trade increased with such rapidity that it necessitated the building of additional factories until to day they have one of the largest and best equipped institutions in the country. They are entirely responsible financially and enjoy an enviable reputation as organ manufacturers. Send for their handsome illustrated catalogue. Always address Cornish & Co., Washington, New Jersey.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—The enterprising firm of Brine & Norcross, at their reliable stores, 17 Tremont Row, 70 and 72 Tremont Street, 1 and 3 Tremont Street, and 660 and 662 Washington Street, are already in the field with a large and choice stock of goods for the holiday season. Portraits and soups are almost given away; photograph albums in leather and plush, fancy fans, infants' baskets, shaving mirrors, and a fine variety of leather goods; bags, pocket-books, collar and cuff boxes; while in dolls for the little ones their stock is one of the largest and best in the city. Bargains in almost everything can be found at their stores, and the goods are all of the reliable kind. Every customer of Brine & Norcross receives full value for their money. Boston Record.

Managing Editor Elijah W. Halford, of the *Indianapolis Journal*, offered the position of private secretary to General Harrison.

— Mr. Lebonchere considers the Irish land purchase bill a gross injustice on the British taxpayer, and, moreover, an injury to Ireland.

— The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor agree to have an investigation by committee of the national headquarters in Philadelphia.

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Of course, unless you are yourself the home centre, and others are coming to you. No matter which. Our point is that the dining-room is the centre of attraction on Thanksgiving day, and a good time to use for the first time your new Table, Chairs and Sideboard. Antique oak and dark finished mahogany are the proper woods, and they may be trimmed with brass, bright or oxidized, or with iron. We have some sideboards with dull iron trimmings in the colonial style—a genuine reproduction. We have sideboards at from \$20 to \$500. The greater part of them are of our own manufacture, and have special artistic merit. Every article marked in plain figures. No hieroglyphics.

Freight on our goods paid to any railway station in New England.

Keeler & Co.
81-91 Washington St., cor. Elm, Boston.

REMOVAL,
On and after Thursday, Nov. 15, the

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PIANO CO.

Will occupy their New and Spacious Warehouses,
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BALLOU STATE BANKING CO.
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A NORMAL CLASS IN KITCHEN GARDENING
at Harvard Street Church, corner Harvard and Avenue A. Thoroughly competent teacher is secured for a course of lessons. A cost of 15¢. All applicants for admission must at once address Aldrich, Garden Class, 74 Tremont Street, Boston. Further information cheerfully given.

Monday, November 26.
— The Rothschild syndicate takes an Austrian loan of \$10,000,000.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL.



OUR CARD PACKAGES for 1888 and 1889 are ready. The assortment is large and fine, embracing the best cards that can be obtained. These packages will be found wonderful bargains. We advise early orders, as many will certainly be sold out. We will send a complete set of the first six packages for \$3.50, and 40 cents for postage and registering; also the complete set for \$5.50, and 50 cents for postage and registering.

No. 1.—For 50 cents and 4 cents for postage; 17 of L. Prang & Co. and other Christmas cards, together with Double Fringed Card and a handsome Birthday Card.

No. 2.—For \$1.00 and 8 cents for postage; A selection of 10 of our Largest and Finest Cards, including a set of Fringed Celebrated Prize Cards, together with a beautiful Folding Calendar for 1889.

No. 3.—For \$1.00 and 10 cents for postage; 10 Double Fringed Cards (not including each a separate envelope, together with a Bookmark Card mounted on Satin Ribbon, and a handsome Folding Card.

No. 4.—For 25 cents and 2 cents for postage; 10 Prang's, Tuck's, Ward's, and other beautiful cards.

No. 5.—For \$1.00 and 8 cents for postage; 17 Novels, Books, with appropriate selections from best authors; 25 and 50 cents each, and an enlarged Lithographic Card of the above cut, by L. Prang & Co.

No. 6.—For \$1.00 and 4 cents for postage; 7 Prang's best Prize Cards, celebrated the world over as the finest cards ever produced.

No. 7.—Birthday Packet, for 50 cents; 17 Fine Cards of Prang's best of Tuck's.

No. 8.—Sunday-school Packet, for 50 cents; 20 Cards of Marcus Ward's, Prang's, Cards, and others.

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Hand-Printed Cards, Pearl Cards, and other Novelties, at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00 each, for Christmas, Birthday or Anniversary, which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages, as specified.

Chromo-Lithograph Cards by Prang & Co. of the above cut and verse, and companion cards, per dozen, postpaid, 25 cents.

TO TEACHERS ONLY.

10 Marcus Ward's, Prang's, and other beautiful cards, no two alike, for \$1.00 and 8 cents for postage; 17 Novels, Books, with appropriate selections from best authors; 25 and 50 cents each, and an enlarged Lithographic Card of the above cut, by L. Prang & Co.

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H. H. CARTER & KARRICK, 3 Beacon St. Boston.

Delightful New Books for Children.

PAN'S SUNDAY BOOK for 1889. Edited by PAN'S, Oct. boards. \$1.25.

Three little girls and a cluster of bright-eyed panthers. This is the cover, and the story is over a hundred choice illustrations of their full page. Plenty of reading matter of the sort parents like to put in the hands of their children on Sunday afternoon.

NED HARWOOD'S VISIT TO JERUSALEM. By NED HARWOOD. \$1.25.

Sunday School teachers and scholars cannot do without it. It is as full of valuable information as a Bible Dictionary. The travelers were not in a hurry. The book therefore, lives more than a passing glance at all the most important localities of Old and New Testament History.

A QUEER LITTLE PRINCESS. By FRANCES HATTON. \$1.00.

This story has an indescribable charm not unlike that of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," though totally unlike in character, and like that, destined to become a famous "child classic." The little girl who was nicknamed "Princess," is a charming creation. The other child characters are scarcely less quaint and bewitching.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE EARLY DISCOVERERS. By FRANCES HATTON. \$1.00.

An entertaining and instructive combination of history, biography and travel. It describes the voyages made to the New World by Columbus, Spanish, English, etc., and sketches the lives of Columbus, Raleigh, Drake and others. Numerous illustrations.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. AND KENSINGTON, JR. By MARGARET SIDNEY. \$1.00.

Two bright, wholesome, healthy stories of boy life, told in Margaret Sidney's crisp, engaging style. "The book will stimulate the manly quality in the boy who reads it."—*Christian Register*.

"The tone of the book is very high and pure."—*Pioneer Press, St. Paul*.

REAL FAIRY FOLK. By LUCY RIDER MEYER. A. M. Illustrated. 12mo. cloth. \$1.00.

"The delightful book entitled 'Real Fairy Folk' is one of the best imaginable to put into the hands of boys and girls. For it is an exposition of the most poetic and beautiful in the most beautiful of sciences—chemistry. The story is told in a simple and the most captivating manner."—*Boston Traveller*.

BARLAND for 1888. Bound volume. 72 cents.

With Barbland in the home the little ones may look at pictures and learn mother read. The poems and stories are short, and have to do with dolls, toys, kittens, puppies and babies. The bright cover will make baby's eyes sparkle with delight.

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